

No. 14
SPRING ISSUE

Ten Cents



Leading Comics

IN THIS
ISSUE!

"BANDITS
From THE
BOOK"



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WHEN YOU'RE
SHOPPING FOR THE
BEST IN COMICS,
YOU DON'T HAVE
FAR TO LOOK!
IT'S RIGHT UNDER
YOUR NOSE, ON
EVERY NEWSSTAND
—THE SUPERME
DC SYMBOL... YOUR
GUARANTEE OF TOP
ENTERTAINMENT
IN ADVENTURE
AND HUMOR!





SUDDENLY...

FE UPON
THEE, THOU PLAY-
ACTING ROGUE!

WHAT?
WHO ARE
YOU?

WHO AM I ?
A FOOL'S
QUESTION,
THOU MUMMING
IDIOT! I AM
HAMLET
HIMSELF!

YOU'RE
WHO...?



HE MUST BE AN
ESCAPED LUNATIC!
GRAB HIM QUICK
BEFORE HE HURTS
SOMEONE!

I WARN YOU-- HE
WHO LAYS HANDS
ON THE PRINCE
OF DENMARK
DOES SO AT
HIS PERIL!



BUT I AM OUTNUMBERED...
AND DISCRETION IS THE
BETTER PART OF
VALOR! I'LL RETIRE!
YET... THOUGH THE
SCENE IS ENDED, THE
ACT IS BUT BEGUN!
WE'LL MEET AGAIN,
ERE SET OF
SUN!



NATURALLY, THE NEWSPAPERS DE-
SCRIBE THE STRANGE OCCURRENCE...
AND IN THE HOME OF OLIVER QUEEN
AND ROY HARPER...

THIS HAMLET
BUSINESS ISN'T
THE ONLY STRANGE
THING THAT'S GOING
ON, ROY! HERE'S AN
ITEM THAT SAYS:
"PIRATES STEAL
MILLIONAIRE'S
YACHT FROM
HARBOR!" CAN
YOU IMAGINE THAT--
PIRATES!

MAYBE THE
GREEN ARROW
AND SPEEDY
OUGHT TO DO
A LITTLE
INVESTIGATING!
I'LL TURN OFF
THE RADIO...



SPECIAL BULLETIN, FOLKS! A DARING GANG LED BY AN EXTREMELY FAT MAN HAS JUST ROBBED THE VITAMIN-FOODS WAREHOUSE!

THE FAT MAN THREATENED TO CUT TO PIECES ANY ONE WHO INTERFERED! HE BOASTED HE HAD ALREADY KILLED A THOUSAND POLICEMEN...

SPEEDY, THIS ISN'T A JOB FOR US ALONE! WE'D BETTER SUMMON THE OTHER SOLDIERS OF VICTORY!

WE WON'T HAVE TO! THERE'S ONE OF THE PIGEON MESSENGERS THE BOYS USE TO CONTACT US... THEY'RE SUMMONING US!

PRESIDENTLY, ON A HILLTOP OVERLOOKING AN ESTATE, THE SEVEN SOLDIERS OF VICTORY ASSEMBLE!

I WAS THE ONE WHO SENT OUT THE CALL, PARTNERS! I GOT ON THE TRAIL OF THIS HAMLET, AND FOLLOWED HIM DOWN THERE!

THAT'S THE HOME OF A DR. WIMSETT, AN ECCENTRIC SCIENTIST! WELL, THIS FENCE WON'T STOP US! COME ON BOYS!

MOMENTS LATER...

WHERE'S HAMLET? AND WHAT'S THAT GUY DOIN'?

UN-EXPECTEDLY, OUT OF THIN AIR...

GREAT SCOTT... WHERE'D THAT CREATURE COME FROM?

LOOK LIKE FROM OUT OF THIS WORLD!



ER,
EXCUSE ME,
I DIDN'T SEE
YOU GENTLEMEN
AT FIRST! I'M
DR. WIMSETT...
IS THERE
ANYTHING
I CAN DO
FOR YOU?

AYE, EXPLAIN,
IF THOU CANST,
WHAT HAMLET
AND THIS
ANCIENT KING
DO WERE!



WELL, I'VE DISCOVERED
HOW TO INTENSIFY THIS
LIFE, SO THAT THE
CHARACTER CAN STEP
OUT OF THE PAGES OF
THE STORY OR POEM IN
WHICH HE ORIGINALLY
APPEARED, AND TAKE
HIS PLACE IN THE
REAL WORLD!

YES, BUT
WHAT
HAPPENS
IF THEY
GET OUT
OF YOUR
CONTROL?



NOW, AS THE
REACTION TAKES
PLACE, OLD KING
COLE WILL
DISAPPEAR
AS SUDDENLY
AS HE
APPEARED!
JUST KEEP
YOUR EYES
ON HIM!







Starring the STAR-SPANGLED KID and STRIPEY

Chap
2

WELCOME, LADS...
I'VE GOT YOUR
SHARE RIGHT
HERE!

NEVER WAS THERE A
SHREWDER, DEADLIER, MORE
TREACHEROUS BUCCANEER
THAN LONG JOHN SILVER!

THE PARTNERS IN PERIL
HAVE MUCH TO TEACH HIM ABOUT
MODERN WAYS... BUT THE OLD
ROGUE WHO ONCE ROAMED
THE SPANISH MAIN HAS A
FEW TRICKS OF HIS OWN TO
PLAY ON...

**"TREASURELESS
ISLAND!"**



AN IMPRESSIVE PAUSE... THEN
HUMPTY DUMPTY SPEAKS!

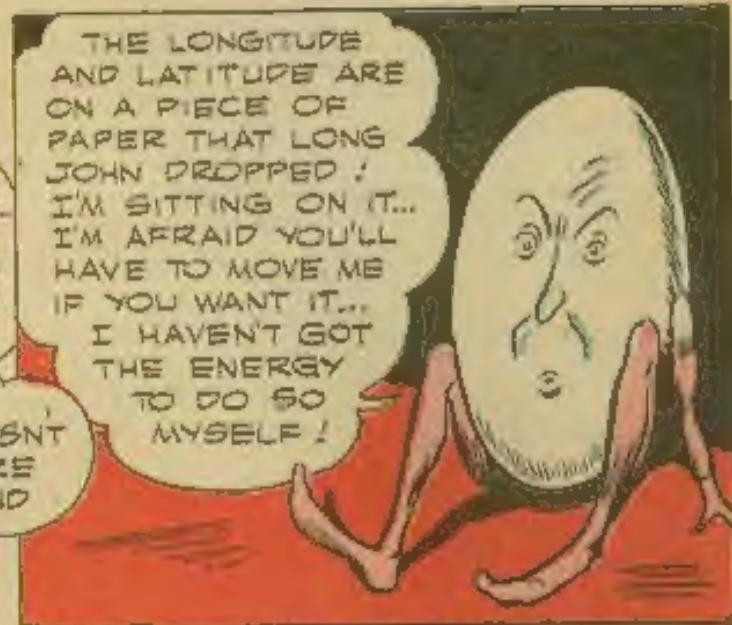
I HEARD LONG
JOHN SILVER AND
HIS MEN PLANNING
TO STEAL A SHIP
AND SEARCH FOR
PIRATE TREASURE
ON AN ISLAND!

STEAL
A
SHIP?

KID, HE MUST BE THE
ONE WHO HIJACKED
THAT YACHT!

YES BUT HOW
DID WE COME
TO HAVE HIS
MEN HERE?

ER, I'M
AFRAID THAT'S
MY FAULT! AS
YOU HAVE SEEN,
MY METHOD
DOESN'T WORK
PERFECTLY...



SHORTLY, IN THE STAR ROCKET RACER...



AS THE PARTNERS IN PERIL MAKE A QUIET LANDING...



IS IT THEIR FAULT THIS DR. WIMSETT BROUGHT THEM ALIVE OUT OF A BOOK BY FENNIMORE COOPER? NO, I SAY... AND WHO IS IT DARES CALL ME WRONG?



UNEXPECTEDLY...

CAPTAIN, CAPTAIN...
WE AIN'T ALONE ON
THIS ISLAND! THERE'S
A PAIR OF MAROONS
DRESSED KIND OF
QUEER-LIKE!

MAROONS?
THEY MAY BE
ARMED!
PASS OUT
THE MUSKETS,
LADS!

'TIS LUCKY WE
FOUND THEM ON
THE SHIP! THEY
HAVEN'T THE PROPER
BALANCE MUSKETS
SHOULD HAVE...
BUT THEY'LL DO
TO KILL A
MAN!

HOLD YOUR
FIRE, THOUGH, LADS:
BEIN' MAROONS,
THEY MAY HAVE
FOUND THE
TREASURE... WELL
MAKE 'EM TELL
US!

THERE THEY
ARE, KID...
TOUGH-
LOOKIN'
CUSTOMERS!

THEY
CERTAINLY
ARE, STRIPESY...
WE BETTER
WATCH OUR
STEP!

HELLO, LONG
JOHN, WE'VE
LOOKED
FORWARD TO
MEETING
YOU!

WHAT'S THAT?
IF YE KNOW
MY NAME,
YE MUST
BE A
PIRATE
YOURSELF!
MAYBE YE
SAILED WITH
CAPTAIN KIDD...
OR BLACK-
BEARD!

YA GOT
US WRONG,
CHUM! WE'RE
HERE TO TAKE
YA BACK TO
DR. WIMSETTS
PLACE!

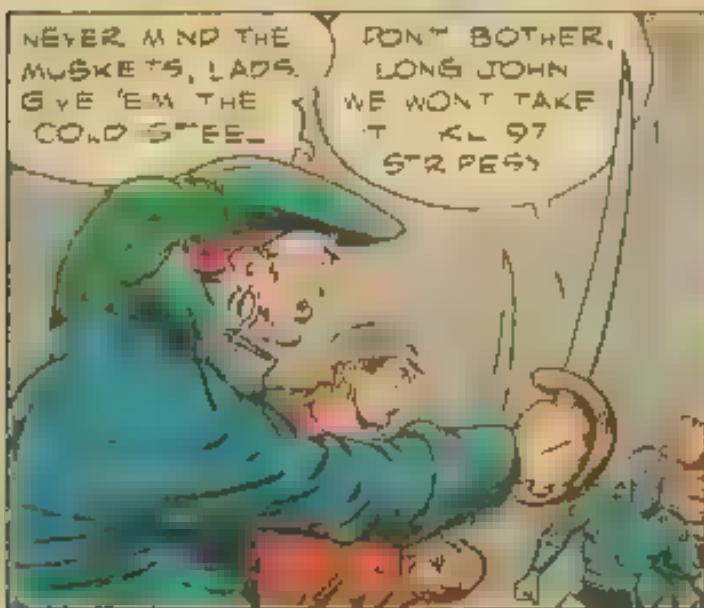
BACK
TO
DR.
WIMSETTS
PLACE?
SHADES
OF BILLY
BONES....
THEY'RE STARK
MAD IF THEY
THINK THEY
CAN DO
THAT!

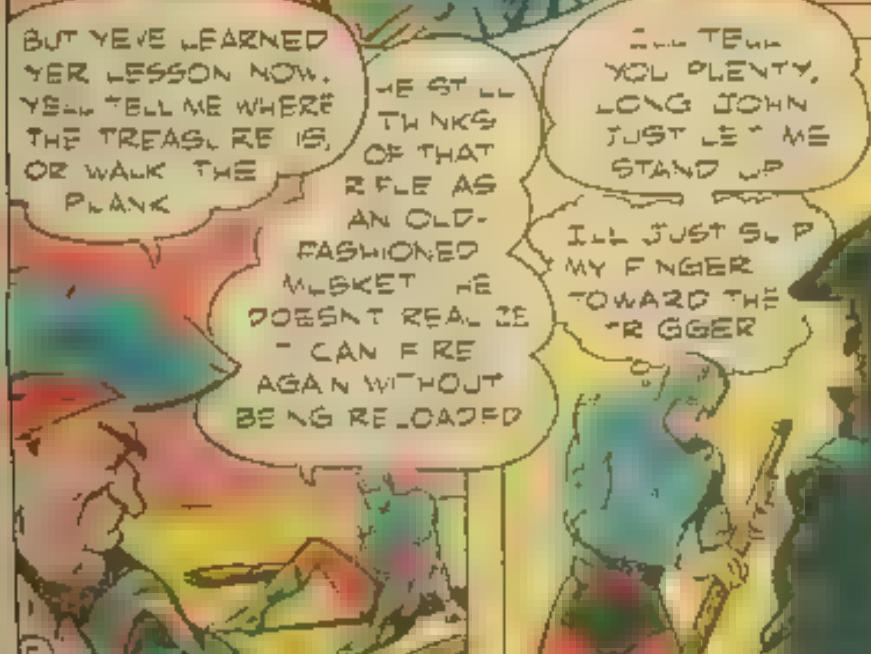
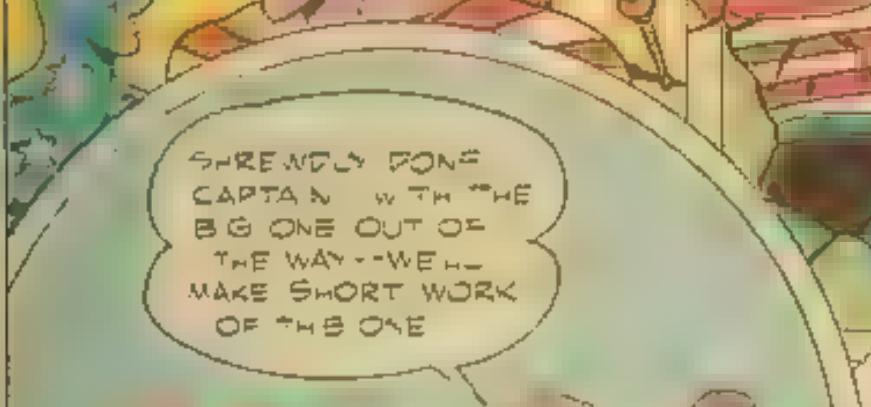
CUT THEM DOWN,
BOYS, CUT THEM
DOWN! AN ISLAND'S
NO PLACE FOR
MADMEN!

FENNIMORE COOPER
MAKES US PEACE-
FUL RED MEN!
THIS IS NO
PLACE FOR US!

THESE MUSKETS
ARE NO GOOD,
JOHN... THEY GO
OFF AT A TOUCH,
BEFORE WE
CAN AIM
RIGHT!

LUCKY FOR US
THEY'RE NOT
USED TO MODERN
RIFLES! COME
ON, STRIPESY!







SEARCH REVEALS NOT A MAP BUT A NEWSPAPER CIPHER!

SECRET STS DECLARE THAT THE ISLAND CONTAINS A TREASURE IN A HEALTH OF BY-PRODUCT. SO NE, BROWNE

I FOUND THE PAPER IN WENSETTS LIBRARY BUT I COULD NOT DECIPHER WELL PROTECTED IN THE HIDDEN MEAN-TRATE OF PLATES WITH WRITING LAD

FOR YOU CAN WELL SHARE THE TREASURE TOGETHER

GOSH, KID. HE THINKS THAT SECRET STUFF IS SOME KIND OF CIPHER. HE DON'T REALIZE THERE'S NO GOLD ON THE PLACE.

NO GOLD THEN I'VE BEEN SOLD ALL THIS TROUBLE FOR NOTHING. AH, I'M AN OLD MAN JADS. A WICKED OLD MAN.

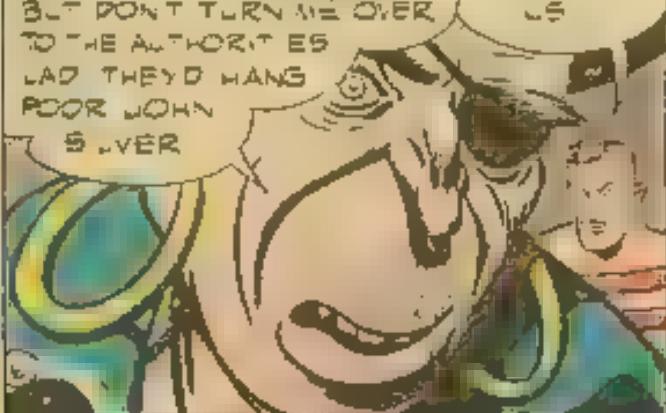
BUT THERE'S NO MALICE IN ME. I'll ORDER THESE SHABS TO TAKE THE SHIP BACK. THEY FEAR ME TOO MUCH TO DISOBEDIY BUT DON'T TURN ME OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES. LAD THEY'D HANG POOR JOHN SILVER

DON'T WORRY, CHUM. YOU'RE NOT BEING HANGED YET. YOU'RE GOING WITH US

BLAST ME. BUT THIS IS A TERRIBLE SHIP. IF I COULD DISPOSE OF THESE SHABS. HMM. LET ME SEE

READ THE OLD GLOOMY REL'S MIND AS IF HE WERE STILL IN A BOOK. HE HOPES TO STEAL THIS PLANE. BUT IT'LL BE JUST TOO BAD FOR HIM IF HE TRIES

HAS LONG JOHN SILVER SHOT HIS LAST BOLT OR DOES HE STILL STAND A CHANCE OF OUTFITTING THE STAR-SPANGLED KID AND STRPESTY? FOR THE ANSWER READ ON!



CHAP. 5

STARRING THE
GREEN ARROW
 AND **SPEEDY**

WHEN A ROARING, ROLICKING ROGUE WITH A MIGHTY BIG APPETITE SETS OUT TO GOBBLE DOWN DEL CACHES THAT THE WORLD HAS COOKED UP SINCE HIS DAY, THERE'S A REAL THREAT OF CITY-WIDE FAMINE. BUT THE GREEN ARROW AND SPEEDY, EVER HUNGRY FOR EXCITEMENT, ADD A LITTLE UNEXPECTED SPICE TO THE SALTY VILLAINS.

"FOOD FOR FALSTAFF!"



THE RACING ARROWCAR LEAPS FORWARD ON THE TRAIL OF A ROGUE UNMATCHED IN LIFE OR LITERATURE...

THE MINUTE DUMPTY SAID FALSTAFF WAS AMONG THOSE WHO HAD ESCAPED - IT WAS CLEAR WHO ROBBED THAT FOOD WARHOUSE.

YES, SPEEDY! AND WITH LUCK WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO PICK UP A CLUE THERE.

LOOK, G.A.
BANANA SKINS



LEADING COMICS

THEY LEAP DOWN
THIS ROAD AND
BANANAS WERE
AMONG THE FOODS
STOLEN FROM
THAT NARE-HOUSE

WE COULD'NT
ASK FOR A
BETTER SIGN
OF FALSTAFF'S
HAVING BEEN
HERE. WE'LL
JUST FOLLOW
THE TRAIL...

MEANWHILE FALSTAFF IS CONSULTING WITH
HIS NOT SO MERRY MEN.

WHAT NO, BLUE?
DAT WAREHOUSE
ROBBERY DON'T
PAY OFF SO
GOOD.

YEAH
TWAS
A WASTE
OF
TIME.

A WASTE OF
TIME? SIRRAH,
THOU ART
A FOOL
AND A RASCAL!

AS IF IT WERE A WASTE
OF TIME TO EAT BANANAS!
I KNEW THEM NOT BEFORE.
BUT THEY ARE WORTH
KNOWING! WHAT TENDER-
NESS, WHAT TEXTURE,
WHAT SWEET STOMACH-
SATISFYING FLAVOR!

BUT, BOSS, YOU
PROMISED US BIG
THINGS. WE TOUGHT
WE'D GO AFTER
DOUGH OR
JEWELS

MONEY, JEWELS...
ROGUE, HAVE YOU
NO SOUL? I SEEK
NOT SUCH TRIFLING
TREASURES, BUT
WONDERS THE
LIKE OF WHICH THE
WORLD HAS NEVER
KNOWN!

HERE, THOU PITIABLE
VILLIAN, READ
THIS!

HUH? I DON'T
GET IT.

WE SEEK THESE
SAUSAGES, VARLET...
DARE SAY NAY, AND
MY SWORD WILL
SLICE YOU INTO
TEN THOUSAND
QUIVERING
PIECES!

Sausages
We
All today's
Come back
once more
Get me!

LEADING COM CS

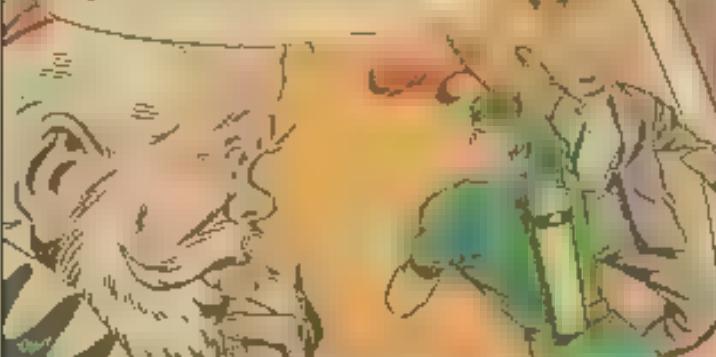




OPS BOOKINS, HE RAGES
LIKE AN UNTAMED FURY!
SUCH RECKLESSNESS
SPELLS DANGER!

THIS IS NO PLACE FOR
A PEACEFUL MAN
LIKE FALSTAFF!

HOLD +
FA. STAFF



HELP
I AM
UNDERMINED!
I'M HOIST
BY MY OWN
BANANA
PEEL!

GRAB!
I AM
OVERTHROWN!
FAREWELL,
WORLD

OFF!



HEY DA BOSS
HAS FRED DA
GREEN ARRRR
DA KID OUGHT TA
BE EASY

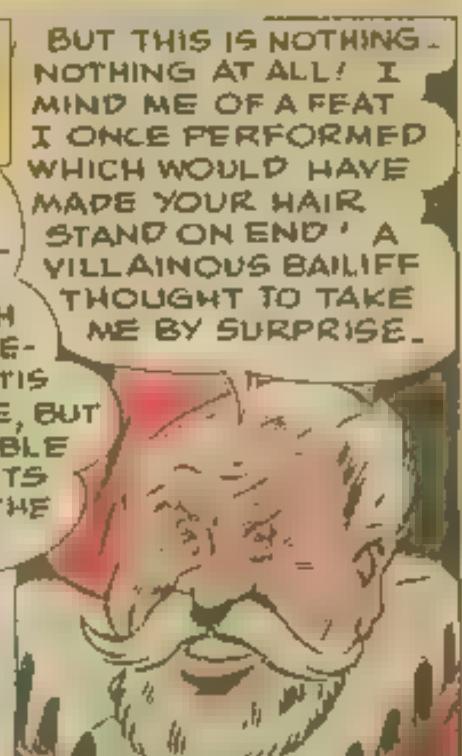
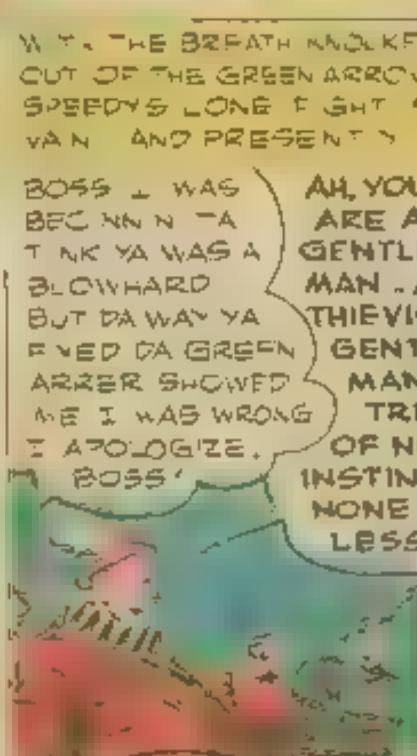
ET
EO

W.T. THE BREATH KNOCKED
OUT OF THE GREEN ARROW
SPEEDY'S LONG FIGHT S
VAN AND PRESENTLY

BOSS - WAS
BEC NN N - A
T NK YA WAS A
BLOWHARD
BUT DA WAY YA
F YED DA GREEN
ARKER SHOWED
ME I WAS WRONG
I APOLOGIZE.
BOSS'

AH, YOU
ARE A
GENTLE-
MAN - A
THIEVISH
GENTLE-
MAN, TIS
TRUE, BUT
OF NOBLE
INSTINCTS
NONE THE
LESS'

BUT THIS IS NOTHING -
NOTHING AT ALL! I
MIND ME OF A FEAT
I ONCE PERFORMED
WHICH WOULD HAVE
MADE YOUR HAIR
STAND ON END! A
VILLAINOUS BAILIFF
THOUGHT TO TAKE
ME BY SURPRISE.





BUT WHEN THE TEN OF THEM FELL UPON ME WITH SWORDS DRAWN ..

TEN? HE SAID DERE WAS ONE GUY.

I STRUCK SWIFTLY, DISPATCHING A DOZEN OF THE HUNDRED WITH ONE STROKE!

AND AS THE FEW THAT REMAINED ALIVE OF THE THOUSAND FLED IN TERROR..

A THOUSAND NOW

QUET SAPS LANT DA BOSS EVEN TELL A STORY WIDOUT BE N INTERRUPTED ABOUT PETALS DAT DONT MATTER?

BUT ENOUGH OF THIS.. I AM A MODEST MAN AND AM REVOLTED AT THE THOUGHT OF BOASTING! LET US GATHER THE SPOILS OUR VALOR HAS WON!

AS FOR THESE MEDDLING VILLAINS.. WE'LL TAKE THEM WITH US! WE'LL TORTURE THEM WITH ODORS OF DIVINE COMESTIBLES THEY'LL NEVER TASTE!

PRESENTLY ..

GOSH, G A THEY RE KNOCK NG OUT THE MEN WHO RUN THIS PLACE AND COLLECTING SAUSAGES

TOO BAD OUR ROPES ARENT JUST A BT LOOSER WE'D BE ABLE TO SLIP OUT AND STOP THEM.

IF WE ONLY HAD SOME SOAP

TH SLL DO SPEEDY: MOVE OVER AND SOAK YOUR ROPES IN THE STUFF

LEADING COMICS

MOMENTS LATER .

GOSH GA, I AMF
THE ROPES IS PTERTY
ENOUGH TO SLIDE
OFF.

YES THE QUD
WAS USED TO
COOK MEAT AND
HAD A LOT OF
GREASE IN IT.
NOW HELP ME
GET MY ROPES
OFF.

AND AS FALSTAFF'S MEN ARE ABOUT TO
LEAVE WITH THE R LOOT

“I'LL GET OUT OF THIS PIG! DOES THE
VILE SLANDERER
MEAN ME OR
THE SAUSAGE?”

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?
I'VE GOT YOU BOTH

YIII..

I'LL SPOIL THE
RATS APPETITE.

OWWW.

IT'S TIME THE MASTER BOWMEN SCORE
AN EASY VICTORY

WE'LL LEAVE THE
OTHERS TO THE
POLICE. BUT WE'VE
GOT TO RETURN
FALSTAFF TO
DR WIMSETT'S
PLACE!

GOSH GA, HE
WON'T FEE INTO
THE ARROWCAR

BUT WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S
A WAY, AND SOON

THE SHAME OF IT!
THAT FALSTAFF SHOULD
BE EMPTY WITHIN, AND
TRUSSLED IN SAUSAGES
WITHOUT, AND CARTED
ABOUT LIKE A CARCASS
OF BEEF, WITH AN ESCORT
OF HUNGRY, YELPING
MONGRELS! WHAT IN-
SULT! WHAT INJURY TO
MINE HONOR! WHAT IN-
JURY TO MINE STOMACH!

CHAP
4

Fearing THE CRIMSON AVENGER and Wing

THE LADS YOU'VE MET UNTIL TO
ARE SWEET INNOCENT CHILDREN
COMPARED TO THE PRECIOUS PAIR
WHO NOW ENACT THEIR TREACHER-
OUS ROLES. THE CRIMSON AVENGER
AND WING HAVE MET THEIR SHARE
OF CRIMES' LOWEST CHARACTERS
BUT NEVER BEFORE HAVE THEY
ENCOUNTERED SUCH DESPIC-
ABLE TRICKS FOR THESE
ARE SCOUNDRELS WHO PLAY
UPON MANKIND'S BETTER
FEELINGS AS THEY JOIN
HANDS TO FORM...

"HYPOCRITES, INCORPORATED!"

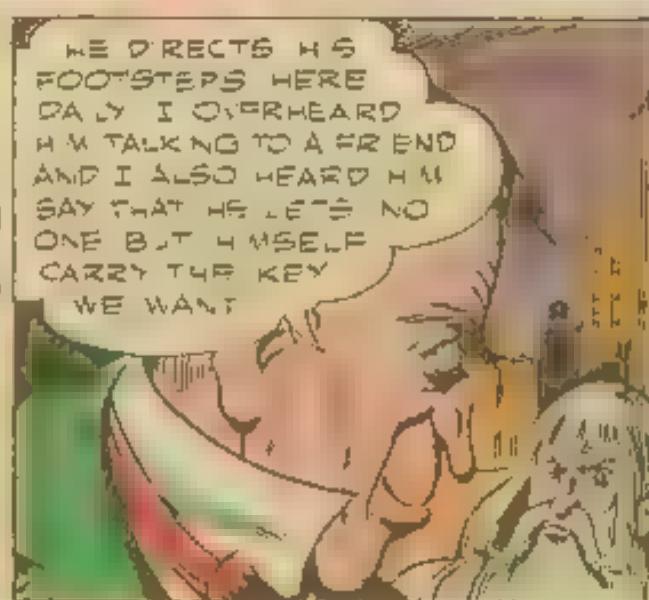


AMONG THOSE ENDOERS WHOM DR.
WINSETT'S CARELESSNESS HAS
ALLOWED TO ESCAPE ARE TWO FOR
WHOM NO GOOD WORD CAN BE SAID.

HE'S A SOFT-HEARTED
FOOL THE MR. HOOPER
REMINDS ME OF
DAVID COPPERFIELD!

AND HE OF SIN,
BAD THE SAILOR
ARE YOU SURE
HE'LL COME THIS
WAY?

HE DIRECTS HIS
FOOTSTEPS HERE
DAILY I OVERHEARD
HIM TALKING TO A FRIEND
AND I ALSO HEARD HIM
SAY THAT HE LETS NO
ONE BUT HIMSELF
CARRY THE KEY
WE WANT



LEADING COMICS

RECOGNIZE THEM? THEY'RE NONE OTHER THAN UR AH HEPP DICKENS MOST DESPICABLE CREATION AND THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA NEAR-NEMESIS OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR.

BUT HERE
HE COMES NOW
GET READY

OH, MY BROTHER
MY POOR
BROTHER! HELP
HM KNO SR,
WHILE THERE
IS YET HOPE &

WHY
WHAT'S
WRONG?



SUDDENLY...

HE'S AS EASY
A VICTIM AS I
THOUGHT HE WOULD
BE! SINDBAD WAS
THE SAME WAY

WHAT A CHAR TABLE
DEED, URAH TO
CARRY A HELP-
LESS OLD MAN
WHERE HE
WANTS TO
GO!

AAAAGH!

IT
TOUCHES
THE HEART
AND
BRINGS
TEARS TO
THE EYES

YOU'LL TAKE US TO
CHAR TY HOUSE, AND
REMEMBER, IF YOU TRY
TO UTTER A WORD OF
WARNING TO ANY ONE,
I'LL CHOKED THE LIFE
OUT OF YOU!

MEANWHILE,

TO PREVENT
LOSS OF TIME
I'LL TAKE
CARE OF THE
KEY TO THE
STRONG
BOX



LEADING COMICS

MEANWHILE THE CRIMSON AVENGER AND WANG, WARNED BY LUCKY DUDELY ARE ALREADY IN PURSUIT.

AND I ONLY READ CHINESE NOW - SO I NEVER HEAR OF OLD MAN OF SEA AND UR AH HEEF THAT THEY LIKE MISTER LARSON?

PRETTY BAD CUSTOMERS WANG, AS YOU SEE WHEN WE CATCH UP WITH THEM BUT FIRST WE'VE GOT TO PICK UP THEIR TRAIL.

QUESTIONING OF PASSENGERS SOON BRINGS USEFUL INFORMATION.

THE OLD MAN WAS A VERY PATHETIC SIGHT, AVENGER HE SAID HE IS AT ON THE GROUND, AND PEOPLE WERE THROWING PENNIES INTO IT.

THAT SOUNDS LIKE OUR MAN HE WASN'T ALONE, WAS HE?

OH NO THERE WAS A GAD MAN WITH HIM HE WAS VERY EMPATHETIC

WE CANNOT STOP CRYING WHEN A LITTLE GIRL LOST A GLASS DROPP

THAT'S OUR LAD THANKS, FRIEND, ALL WE WANT TO KNOW NOW IS WHICH WAY HE WENT!

THUS THE CRIMSON CRIME-CRUSHER AND HIS ALIY ARE NOT FAR BEHIND WHEN PRESENTLY,

AH LOOK AT MR HOOPER HE'D DO ANYTHING TO HELP AN UNLUCKY PERSON

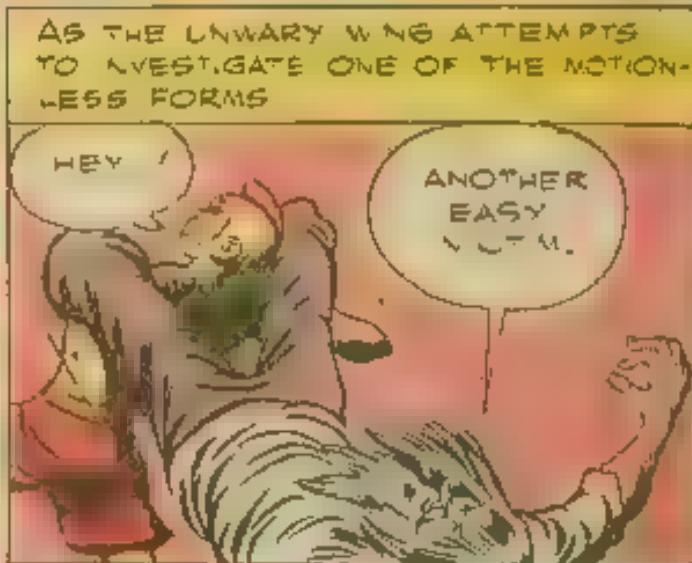
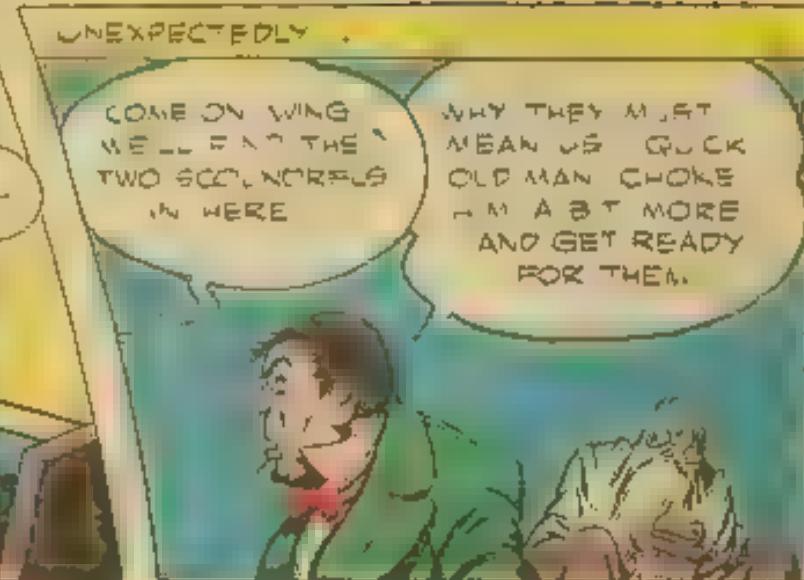
CHARITY HOUSE

ARE THESE CHAR TABLE NUMBER STYLINGS HAVE CHANGED LITTLE SINCE I DAY THEY'RE ALWAYS READY TO AD THE UNHAPPY AND WHO NEEDS TO MORE THAN UNHAPPY UR AH HEEF?

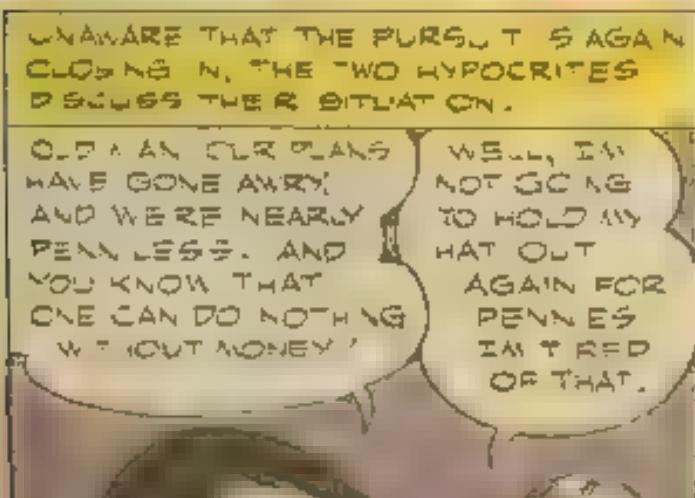
YOU'RE BUSY, MR HOOPER SO I'LL OPEN THE STRONG BOX FOR YOU

BUT

LEADING COMICS



LEAD NG COMICS



LEADING COMICS

AND SO AS THE CRIMSON AVENGER
AND KING FINALLY CATCH UP
WITH THEIR QUARRY

ATTA BOY!
LOOK AT THE OLD
GUY GO!

THEY'VE ENTERED
A PICKABACK
RALE

OH OH THOSE TWO
WHO STOPPED US BEFORE
ARE AFTER US AGAIN
FASTER!

I'M OUT OF
BREATH
PERHAPS
WE CAN
ESCAPE
AT THE
SEE.

NOT THIS
WAY . . . IN THAT
DIRECTION.

QUIET OLD MAN,
AND DON'T TRY TO
GIVE ME ORDERS
WHOSE FEET
ARE DOING THE
RUNNING
ANYWAY!

NEVER MIND
WHOSE FEET
YOU OBEY ME
OR YOU DON'T
BREATHE'

ARGH...

ALAS, ALAS, MY POOR
FRIEND HAS LOST
THE USE OF HIS
LIMBS!

HEY MISTER
CRIMSON WRONG
ONE CRY

HE MUST
HAVE GOT AN
ACCIDENTAL
SHOT OFF
ON ON JUCE!
BUT IT WON'T
DO HIM ANY
GOOD

THEY'RE BOTH
GOING BACK TO DR
WIMSETT'S PLACE
AND THIS TIME THEY'RE
NOT GETTING
AWAY!

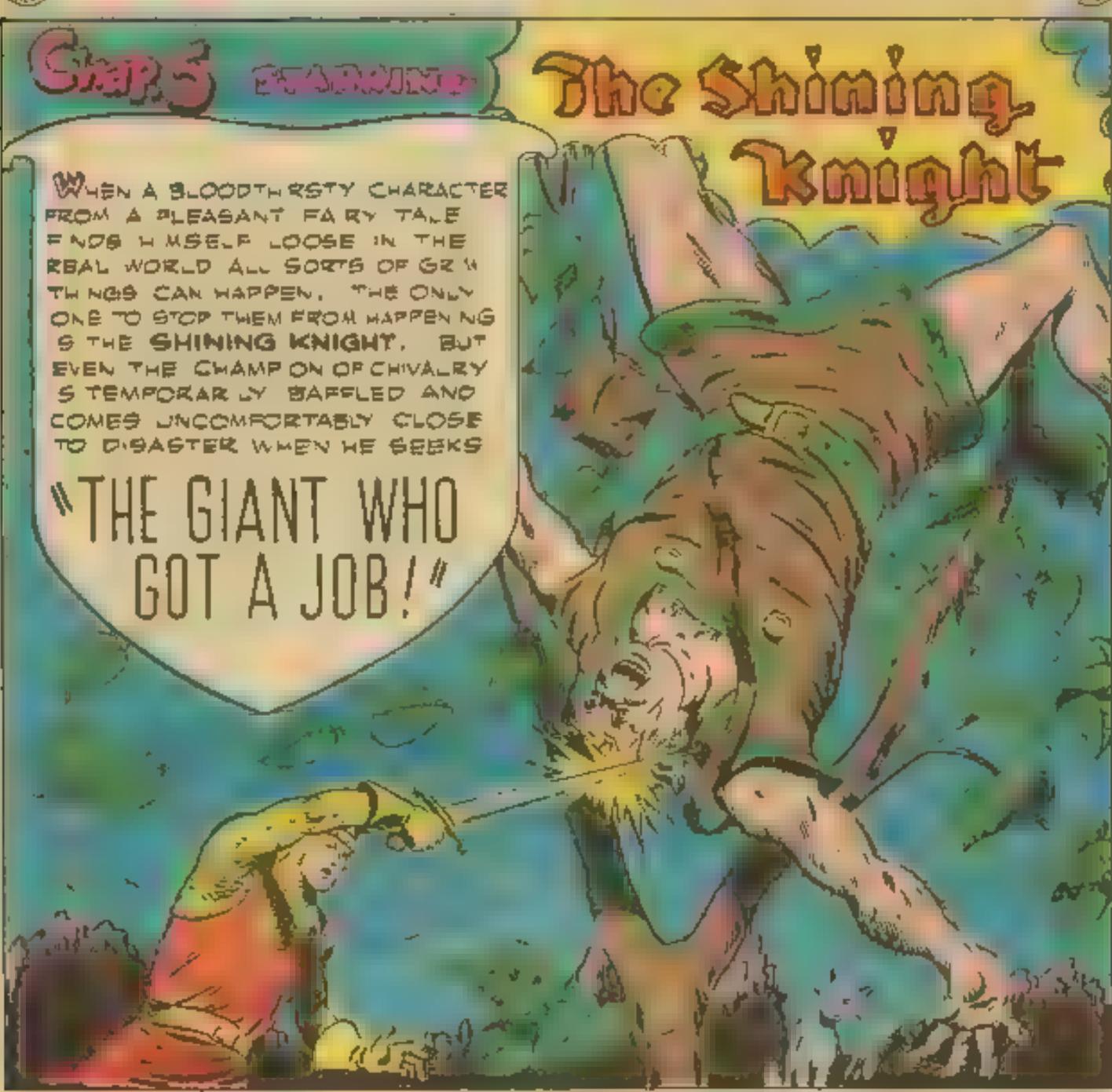
Chaps

STARRING

The Shining Knight

WHEN A BLOODYHESHTY CHARACTER FROM A PLEASANT FAIRY TALE FINDS HIMSELF LOOSE IN THE REAL WORLD ALL SORTS OF GRWTHNGS CAN HAPPEN. THE ONLY ONE TO STOP THEM FROM HAPPENNG IS THE SHINING KNIGHT. BUT EVEN THE CHAMPION OF CHIVALRY IS TEMPORARILY BAFFLED AND COMES UNCOMFORTABLY CLOSE TO DISASTER WHEN HE SEEKS

"THE GIANT WHO GOT A JOB!"



AT DR WIMBETT'S ESTATE HUMPTY DUMPTY PROCEEDED WITH HIS REVELATIONS ..

ANOTHER OF THE DANGEROUS ONES IS THE GIANT THE ONE JACK MET WHEN HE CLIMBED HIS BEANSTALK. OF COURSE, HE WASN'T ALONE

BUT THOSE WITH HIM ARE OLD FRIENDS OF MINE, AND I REFUSE TO BETRAY PPE AND MY FODDLERS THREE!

A PARTING FOR ALL GIANTS I DEMAND MY



T'S S NOT ME FOR
FOOLING V GLANTE.
I CLAM TH'S QUEST
S MINE I HAVE HAD
MUCH EXPERIENCE
WTH GIANTS,
AND THIS ONE
WLL NOT ESCAPE
ME.

THE
BEST
OF LUCK,
PARDNER

RECKON THAT TAKES
CARE OF MOST
OF THE DIAMONDBACKS
WHO GOT AWAY

OH PLE-
TRE
FORGETTING
SOME VERY
GREAT
RASCALS
THEY'RE



BUT HERE WE'D
BETTER CENSOR OUR
DUMPTY FR END.
WHETHER THESE
FINAL RASCALS ARE
GREAT OR NOT, WELL
LEARN LATER
MEANWHILE, LET'S
FOLLOW THE
ADVENTURES OF
THE ESCAPED GIANT
WITH HIS QUEER
ASSORTMENT
OF COMPANONS'

A CHESHIRE CAT,
A LION AND A
UNICORN, ALL FROM
ALICE N WONDERLAND.
STRANGE FR ENDS

FOR ME BUT MY
SIZE MAKES ME TOO
NOTICEABLE, AND
THEY LL HELP ME
ESCAPE FROM
WHOEVER
PURSUES.



AT A NEARBY CIRCUS
THE GIANT SEEKS EM-
PLOYMENT...

I'M NO TAME
GIANT, SUCH
AS YOU NOW
HAVE I AM
FIERCE THROUGH
AND THROUGH
I HATE PEOPLE

LOOK, PAL,
IT'S ALL RIGHT
TO ACT N
FRONT OF
THE PUBLIC,
BUT DON'T
DO IT AROUND
ME. BE
YOURSELF

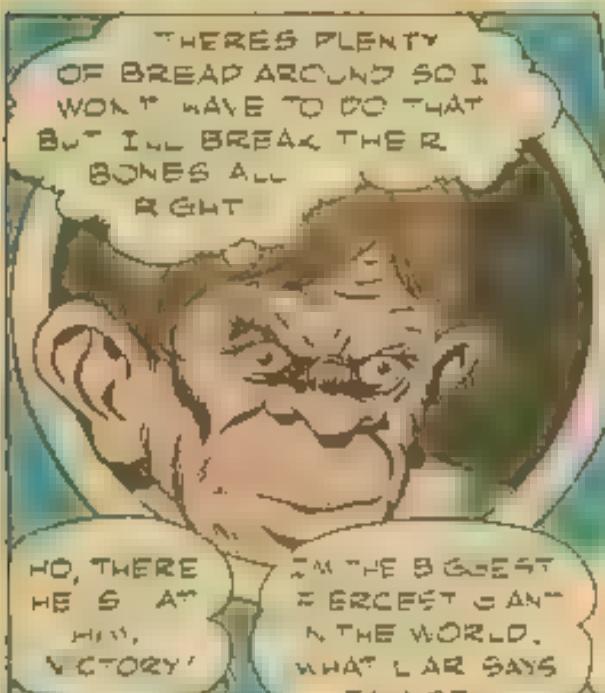
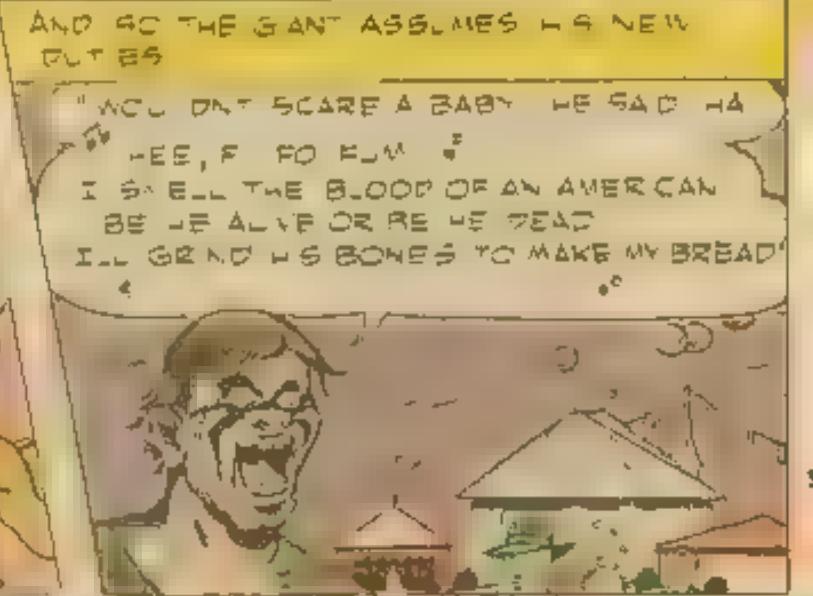
BE MYSELF ?
YOU'LL REGRET
THAT WHEN
I AM !

HO HUM
YOU
WOULDN'T
SCARE A
BABY BUT
WHERE'S THAT
ANIMAL ACT
YOU SAID
YOU HAD?

HERE
S TH'S GOOD
ENOUGH FOR APPEAR-
YOU ?

A
D.S.-
NG CAT
OBVIOUSLY
DONE W TH
MIRRORS OF
COURSE, BUT
NOT BAD





LEADING COMICS

IN NOT REALLY
FIERCE I JUST
- E TO SCARE
PEOPLE

BY MY HAL DOME
THIS IS PASSING
STRANGE SO GREAT
A GIANT TO YIELD
HIM AT THE FIRST
BLOW! WHAT CAN
THE REASON
BE?

THE ANSWERS
SIMPLE, IF
ONLY SIR
JUSTIN KNEW!
HE HAS CON-
QUERED THE
OLD CIRCUS
GIANT DISCHAR-
GED AFTER THE
NEW ONE WAS
KILLED AND AS
HIS VANQUISHED
FOE IS TAKEN
INTO
CUSTODY.

TIS HARD TO
BELIEVE THAT MY
QUEST IS ENDED
UNEASINESS
FILLS MY MIND
AND YET I SEE
NO CAUSE
FOR IT

A VANISHING CAT?
HUMPTY DUMPTY
TALKED OF FRIENDS
OF HIS

GREATEST
SHOW ON
EARTH!
FEATURES THE
REMARKABLE AND
STUPENDOUS FEAT
OF THE
VANISHING FELINE!

I HAVE IT
THE CHESHIRE CAT,
AND IF THAT IS IN
THE CIRCUS, THEN
PERHAPS THE REAL
GIANT, TOO. AH,
VICTORY MAYHAP
OUR QUEST IS
JUST BEGINNING.

UNDER THE BIG TOP.

WHY, YES, KNIGHT
I DO RECENTLY HIRE
A NEW GIANT! YOU'LL
FIND HIM IN ONE OF
THE NEW TENTS

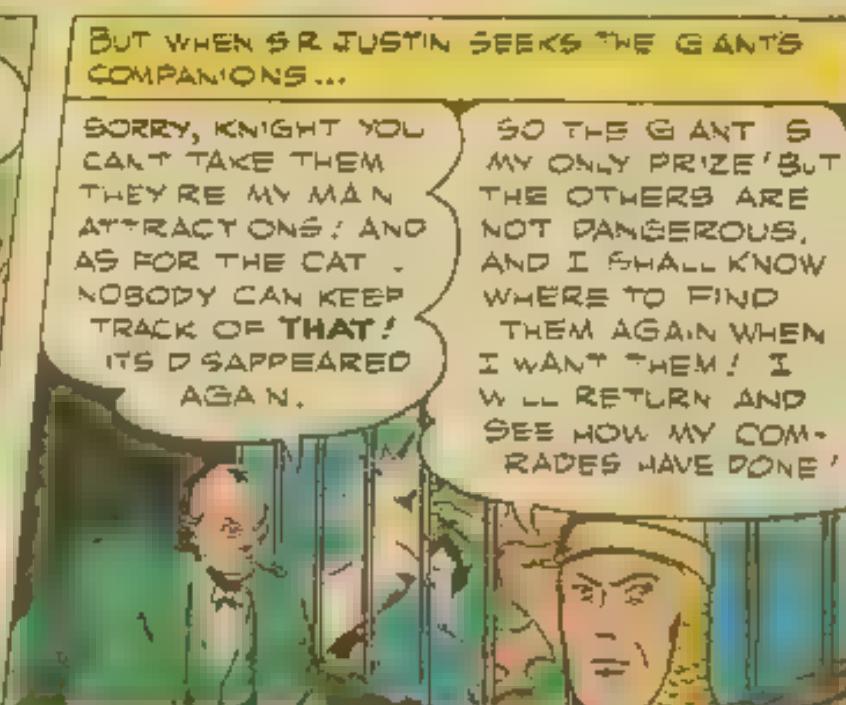
I'LL
SEEK HIM
AT
ONCE!

EHE, EH FO, FUM
I SMELL
THE BLOOD
OF AN
ENGLISHMAN.

AH,
THIS IS
THE
VILLAIN!

LEADING COMICS





CHAPTER 6 STARRING THE VIGILANTE

MEN AND WOMEN GO THEIR PEACEFUL WAYS, AND NOT ONE OF THEM DREAMS OF THE GRIM FATE BEING PLANNED FOR EVERY HUMAN BEING ON EARTH. YES DEATH OR SLAVERY ARE IN STORE FOR ALL THAT IS, IF THESE PLANS ARE CARRIED OUT. SO IT'S FORTUNATE INDEED THAT THE VIGILANTE STANDS BETWEEN THESE BLUEPRINTS FOR CATASTROPHE AND THEIR FULFILLMENT.

BY THE . . .

LITTLE MEN WITH BIG IDEAS!



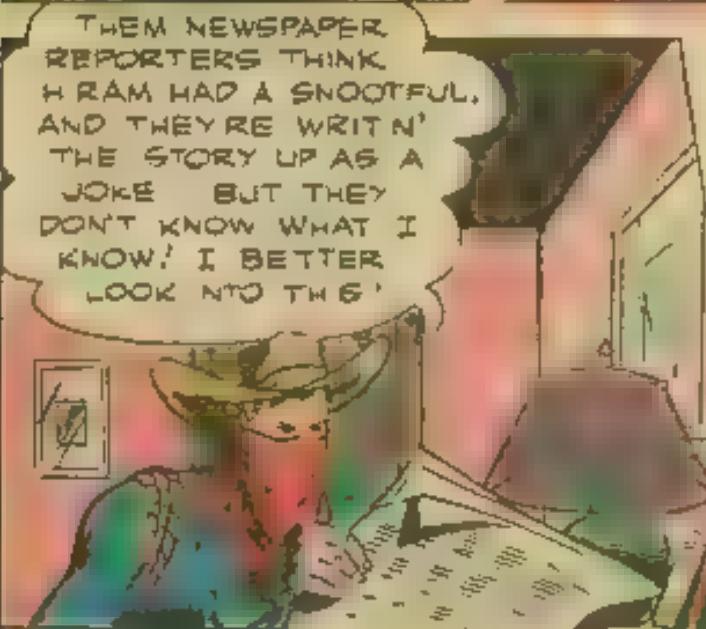
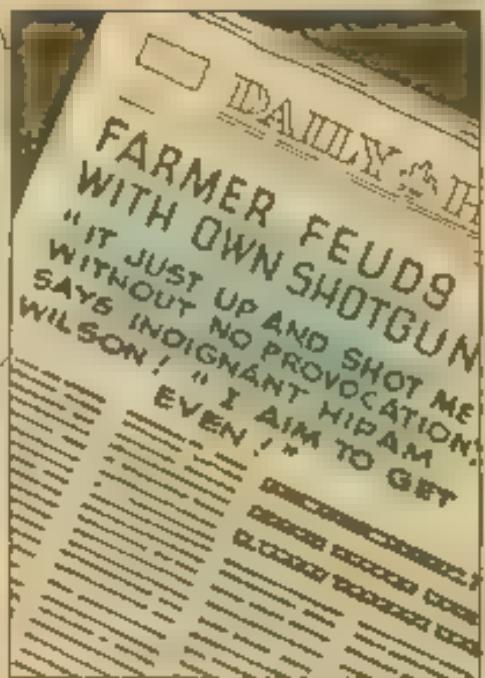
IN A FIELD NOT FAR FROM DR. WINSETT'S ESTATE A FARMER SEEKS LOST PROPERTY.

AH THERE'S THAT SHOTGUN I DROPPED LAST NIGHT AND COULDN'T FIND IN THE DARK.

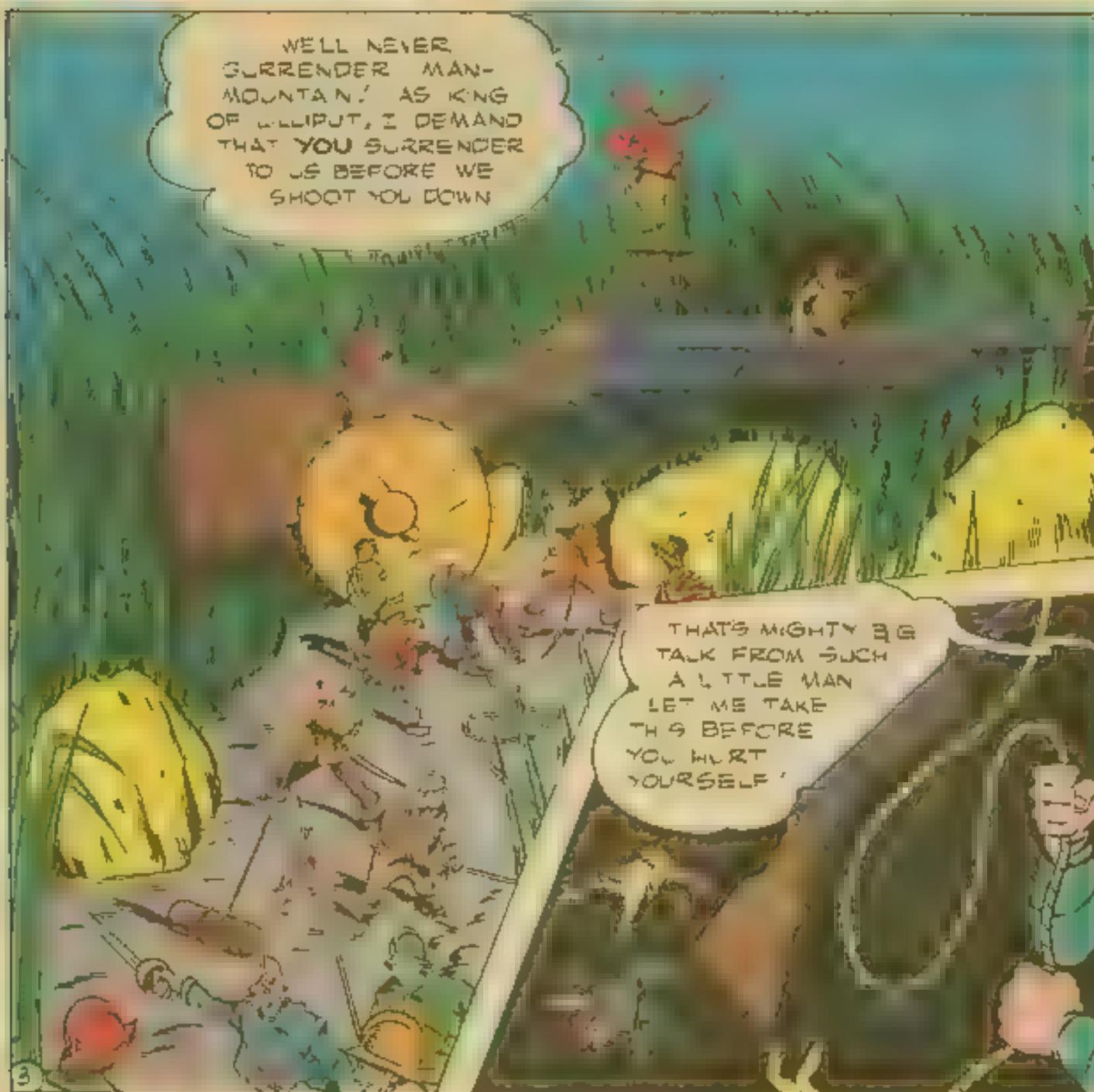
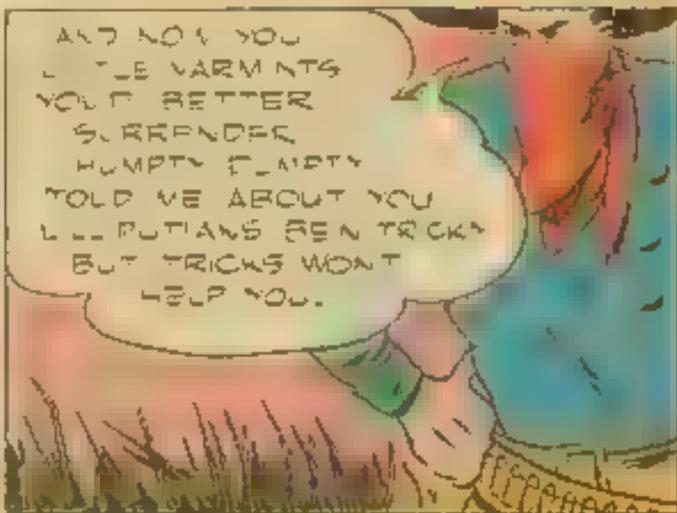


EEEHHH. IT'S TRYIN' TO KILL ME.





LEAD NG COMICS



I THOUGHT I HAD THE LITTLE SIDE-WINDERS BUT THEY'VE DISAPPEARED IN THIS GRASS RECKON I'D BETTER KEEP ON TRAILIN'.

BUT AS THE LARRUPTING LARIATEER MOVES FORWARD...

WHAT...?

WE THOUGHT WE MIGHT BE PURSUED AND THEREFORE PREPARED THIS TRAP. QUICK, MEN, THE ROPES!

YOU MAY BE A MONSTER IN SIZE BUT WELL TE YOU DOWN AS WE DID THE MAN-MOUNTAIN, GULLIVER!

LOOKS LIKE THEY GOT ME! EACH OF THEM ROPES ALONE IS WEAK, BUT PUT TOGETHER, THEY'VE GOT THE STRENGTH OF A THICK CABLE!

YES, MAN-MOUNTAIN, WE HAVE YOU... AND SOON WELL HAVE ALL YOUR KIND! YOUR MINDS ARE SLOW AND SLUGGISH, LIKE YOUR BODIES, YOU WERE BORN TO BE OUR SLAVES!

ALL YOUR RACE WILL THRASH FURIOUSLY, BUT HELPLESSLY, AS YOU DO NOW IN OUR NIGHT. GRIP! WELL GET BOMBING PLANES FOUND YOU INTO SUBMISSION.

BUT THE VIGILANTE HAS NOT BEEN THRASHING IN A MELTDOWN FURY! REPEATED BLOWS OF HIS SPURS FINALLY STRIKE A SPARK FROM FINTY STONE.



I THOUGHT THAT SPUR WOULD DO THE TRICK THESE FLAMES ARE BIG ENOUGH TO DO MORE THAN BURN ME BUT THEY'RE MIGHTY DANGEROUS TO LITTLE RATTLES.

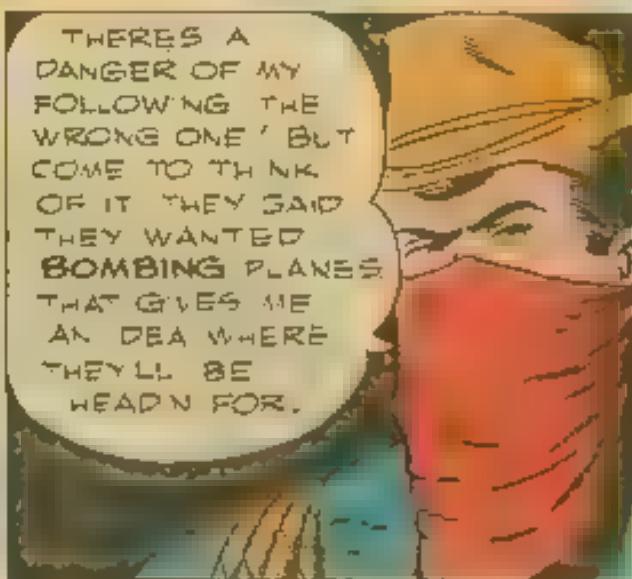


BURNING HIMSELF FREE OF HIS NUMEROUS BONDS THE PUNCHING PLAINS MAN ONCE MORE TAKES UP THE TRAIL AND AT A NEARBY ROAD .

LOOKS LIKE THE LITTLE RASCALS CAUGHT A RIDE ON A HAYWAGON AND THERE ARE A LOT OF THE WAGONS AROUND HERE



THERE'S A DANGER OF MY FOLLOWING THE WRONG ONE BUT COME TO THINK OF IT THEY SAID THEY WANTED BOMBING PLANES THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA WHERE THEY'LL BE HEADING FOR.



AND NOW THE PURSUIT LEADS CITYWARDS, TO THE TOY DEPARTMENT OF A GREAT STORE WHERE A MODEL PLANE EXHIBITION IS TAKING PLACE

BOY, I THOUGHT MY PLANE WAS GOOD BUT TOMMYS IS THE FANCEST THING I EVER SAW

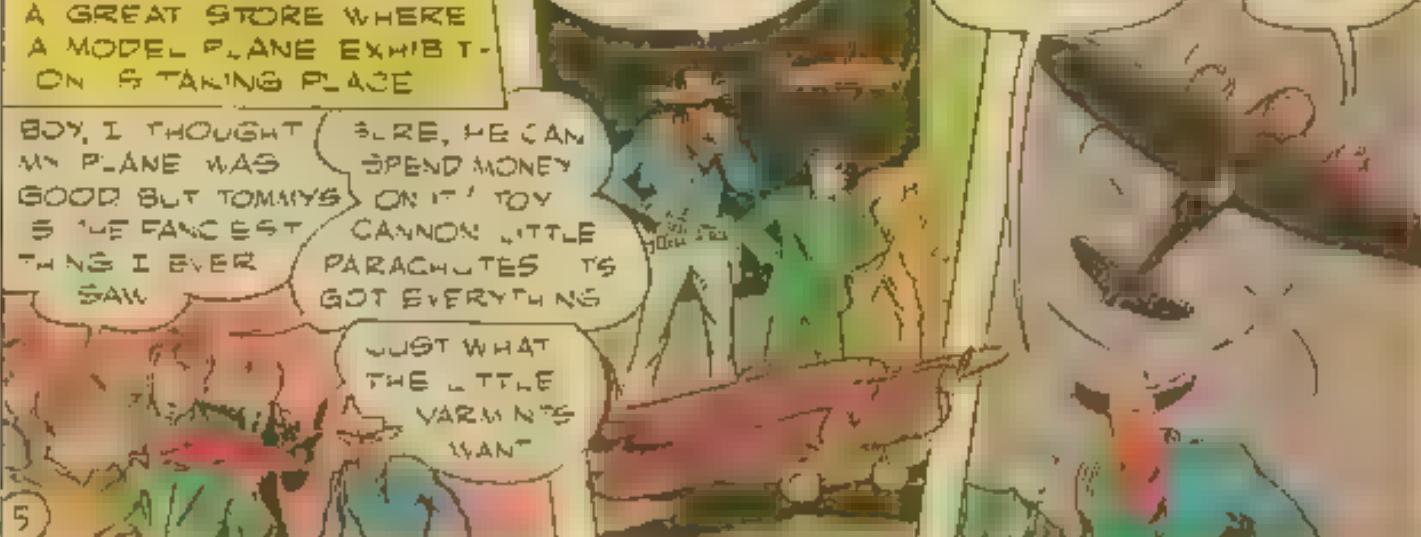
SURE, HE CAN SPEND MONEY ON IT! TOY CANNON, LITTLE PARACHUTES, IT'S GOT EVERYTHING

JUST WHAT THE LITTLE VARMINTS WANT

WONDER IF THEY GOT HERE YET?

HEY, IT'S STARTING BY ITSELF

LOOKS LIKE THEY DO.



NOW THAT WE
HAVE AIR POWER,
WE'RE MASTERS
OF THE WORLD.
MAKE FOR THE
DOOR AND
SHOOT DOWN
ANYONE WHO
TRIES TO STOP
US.

BUT AS THE LITTLE PLANE ZOOMS PROUDLY
UPWARD ..

I DON'T
WANT TO HURT
THE PINT-
SIZED COYOTES,
BUT I'VE GOT
TO STOP THEM,
AND THIS IS
THE WAY.

BANG!

AND NOW, AS
THEY COME DOWN
TANGLED IN THOSE
PARACHUTES, I'VE GOT
A CHANCE TO SCOOP
THEM UP BEFORE
THEY SCREEP
AWAY.

MOMENTS LATER

RECKON I'VE GOT
THEM ALL. I
THOUGHT ONE
LOOKED BIGGER
THAN THE OTHERS
BUT NOW I CAN
SEE THEM CLOSE
AT HAND. I GUESS
I WAS WRONG!

THE 'FOOL'
HE DOESN'T
REALIZE THAT
OUR KING
HAS ESCAPED
AND WILL
FREE US
ALL OVER
AGAIN

YES, THE
KING OF WILIPUT
HAS ESCAPED!
AND ALREADY WICKED
LITTLE PLANS ARE BUZZING
IN HIS WICKED LITTLE HEAD

HA.
THIS UNDERBRUSH
ON THE WOMAN-MOUNTAIN
PROVIDES FINE
COVER. I'LL LET HER
CARRY ME TO SAFETY.
THEN WHEN I'M FREE
AGAIN, I'LL MAKE
THE WHOLE WORLD
TREMBLE

GLORY 27

BACK TO THE BOOKS

DR. WISSETT, WE'VE
BROUGHT BACK THE
REALLY DANGEROUS
CAPTIVES. WHAT
ABOUT YOU?

I'M SORRY,
GENTLEMEN
I MUST CONFESS
FAILURE!

ONCE MORE THE
SEVEN SOLDERS
OF VICTORY ASSEM-
BLE THIS TIME
WITH THEIR
CAPTIVES.

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT'S GONE WRONG.
I HAVE NO TROUBLE
AT ALL IN BRINGING
CHARACTERS OUT OF
BOOKS.

FOR THE LAST TIME,
DO I GET MY PIPE,
MY BOWL AND MY
FOLDERS
THREE?

ALL RIGHT,
KING COLE --
IN JUST A
MINUTE

AT LAST
LIGHT MY
PIPE, GIVE
ME MY
BOWL
AND START
PLAYING!

OH SEE?
BRINGING
THEM HERBS
EASY AS
PIE
BUT I
CAN'T SEND
THEM
BACK!

LEADING COMICS

YOU MUST BE TIRED OF
SITTING ON THE FLOOR PAL
TRY THIS FOR A CHANGE

THANK YOU
THANK
YOU
NED

BUT DE
A WDETT WE
CAN'T KEEP
THESE
CHARACTERS
UNDER LOCK
AND KEY
NOFF NITEDY

RIGHT PARDNER
AND THERE ARE ST
SOVE WE HAVENT
GOT BACK
THEY MAY NOT BE
CROOKS BUT THEY
CAN CAUSE QUITE A
RUMPS IF THEY AIN'T
CORRALLED.

YOU'RE ONLY TOO RIGHT, VIGILANTE
FOR INSTANCE AT THIS MOMENT
DURING A PERFORMANCE OF
HAMLET.

'TO BE OR NOT
TO BE THAT
IS THE
QUESTION'

HA
VILLAN

I WARNED THEE
NOT TO PICTRE ME
AS A SHLLY-SHLDY NO
SIMPL ETION BUT
YOU WILL NOT
BE TAUGHT

OOOO
HES GO NG
TO KILL
ME

WHILE IN A NEARBY SLUM .
UP, FOOLS, SHAKE
OFF YOUR LETHARGY!
THERE'S WORK
TO DO'

MUH?
HELP ME FREE
MY MEN AND
YOU'LL BE MY
MOST HONORED
SLAVES ILL
GIVE YOU KING-
DOMS TO DO
WITH AS YOU
PLEASE

IT CAN'T
BE, WILL E
I MUST
BE
DREAMIN

F YOU'RE
DREAMIN
IM DREAMIN
TOO I CAN
SNEAK T
TALKIN TO
US

AND IN A CIRCUS CAGE
COME COME] THAT CAT'S
THE STUBBORNEST
THING
DIS-
APPEAR
I SAID
SOMETIMES T
DISAPPEARS
EVERY FIVE
MINUTES. BUT
IT'S BEEN SITTNG
THERE FOR AN
HOUR NOW, AND
NOT EVEN A HAIR
WILL VANISH

MEANWHILE...

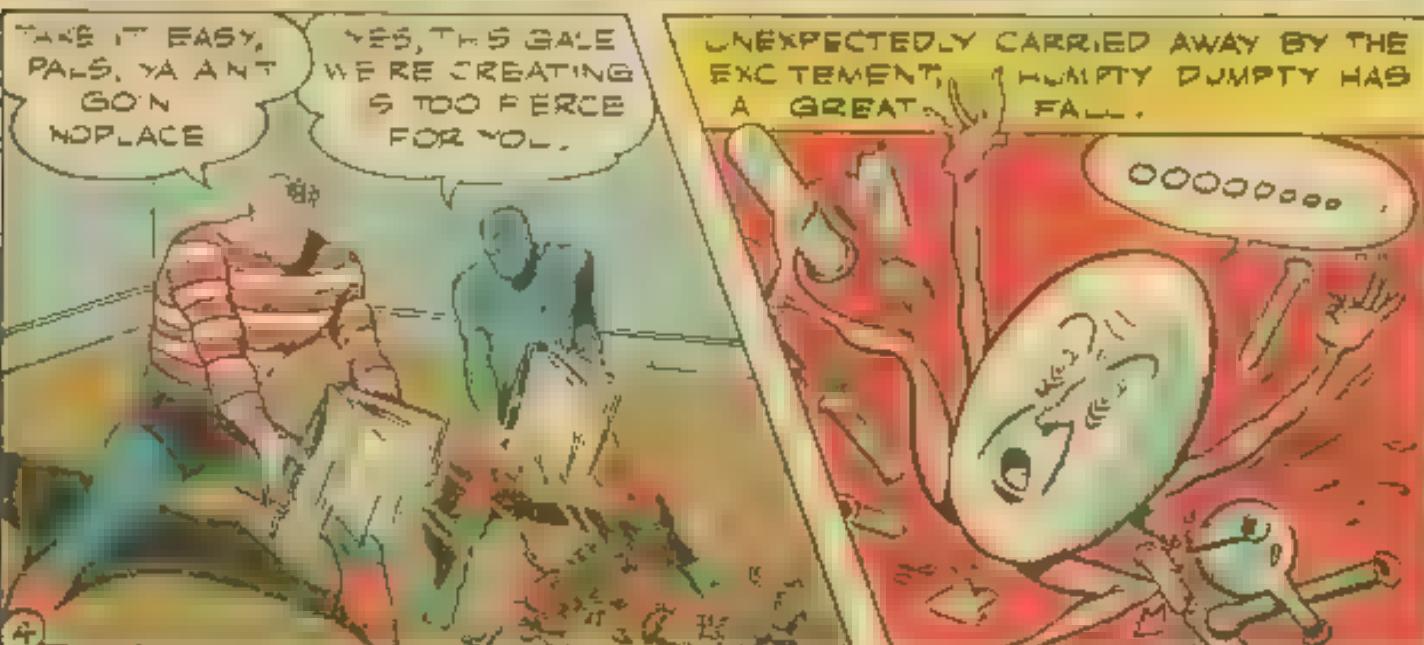
THE STAR-SPANGLED
KID TOLD STRIPSY TO
KEEP AN EYE ON ME,
BUT THE SWAB
FORGOT: THIS
WOODEN LEG MAKES
A HANDY CLUB

AVAST
BUZZ BOY I'LL
BELABOR YOUR
BONES FOR YOU
HE'S HURT HE
ISN'T WATCHING
ME ANY
MORE

ONLY A GLANCING BLOW BUT
IT SERVES TO THROW THE
ENTIRE ROOM INTO TURMOIL

MY BONES
ARE SAFE ENOUGH
BUT THY LEG
IS IN TWO!

LEADING COMICS



AND AS DIFFERENT CHEMICALS FLOW TOGETHER FROM SHATTERED BOTTLES

AT LAST HUMPTY
DUMPTY MIXED
THE RIGHT
INGRED ENTS
BY ACCIDENT!
THEY'VE ALL
GONE BACK!

HE
DISAPPEARED
JUST AS HE WAS
STABBING ME! AND I
WAS AFRAID ID FIGURE
IN ANOTHER TRAGEDY

ON A SHAKES-
PEAREAN STAGE
THERE'S UNEX-
PECTED COMEDY
RELIEF THAT
SHAKESPEARE
NEVER WROTE

HUH?
HE'S
GONE!

WAS HE EVER?
ARE WE SURE?
WELL, MAYBE
WE OUGHTTA LAY
OFF DAT STUFF
WE BEEN
DRINKIN'

WHY, HE'S GONE
ALL AT ONCE
BUT EVERY OTHER
TIME I SAW HIM
DO IT, THE GRIN
WENT LAST!

THANK GOODNESS
WE'RE FINALLY RD
OF THEM. AFTER
WHAT HAPPENED
I'LL NEVER BRING
THEM OUT OF
THEIR BOOKS
AGAIN.

BUT IN
CASE
THEY
EVER
DO
GET
OUT

CALL ON JS
PAL WHETHER
THEY'RE
CROOKS FROM
BOOKS
OR FROM
REAL LIFE
WE'LL TAKE
THEM ON
AND SET
THNGS
RIGHT

DEATH IN THE SKY

by Jesse Merlin

HE was in England right next to an airfield hidden in the clump of woods that bordered the end of the long runway His uniform and his identification papers his carefully clipped speech and Eton accent all of them made him Lieut Eustace W Smith Englishman But the uniform was a disguise the papers all forgeries and his real name was Karl von Strucker

Ever since that dark moonless night when he'd dropped out of the sky from a German bomber he'd walked in danger But von Strucker had been well prepared the Gestapo had no better secret agent

That sentry again From the airfield Von Strucker crouched snugly down under a thick bush unseen by the lookout padding past just fifty feet away Von Strucker had no sense of humor but he almost laughed at the way he made fools of these stupid Englishmen The sentry passed again unsuspecting

Back in Berlin von Strucker had been especially chosen for this job And now it was all done all but the escape back to Germany And that would come in a few swift hours He could afford to be patient he couldn't fail now

In von Strucker's pockets were thin sheets of paper with many marks and maps on them Information vital to the defense of Fortress Europe Data and notes and figures that Hitler would use to repel the invasion that was even now crumbling his defenses An English lieutenant in the uniform of an air pilot could gather a lot of information in four short days Four quick days Von

Strucker thought back He remembered

For four days von Strucker had roamed London asking questions Sly questions, jolly questions innocent sounding questions He knew his work And he'd had the good luck to fall in with some American pilots He'd tricked them completely Made them believe he was on a short leave from his English flight command They hadn't talked much but little innocent words were all that von Strucker needed Bit by bit fact by fact he'd gathered the information that would help Germany to repel attack He knew figures number of guns planes men he'd drawn maps And now he had to get back to Germany Somehow

Von Strucker knew that his minutes in England were numbered that every second might mean detection and — and a firing squad at dawn

But dawn was almost here now And no need to think back on dangers a ready past He had enough information on him now to satisfy the most demanding German general And he was planning to fly back to Germany

Yes, fly Among his many other accomplishments was the ability to pilot a plane That was one more reason why he'd been chosen for this mission

Gray dawn struck fingers of light down to von Strucker's hiding place under the bush No not Karl von Strucker He had to be Lieut Eustace W Smith to do this thing to escape back into Germany He rose to his feet brushed his English uniform carefully He knew exactly what he had to do His smooth, ruddy face be-

trayed no excitement He'd planned this too perfectly to fail

He knew that every fighter airfield had extra planes a ways ready and waiting on the take-off strip And this was an American field His English uniform would get him by more easily here Von Strucker slipped his hand inside the right pocket of his flying jacket A small but powerful automatic was there, the silencer cold and efficient against his palm Just in case Spies had to commit murder sometimes

He scuttled frantically across the military road bent low, then rose and sauntered nonchalantly over to a ground crewman standing next to a fighter plane It was still too dark to see well At the better Hand ready on his pistol von Strucker was wary This was most dangerous To steal a plane and

The crewman glanced over his shoulder, and von Strucker was almost ready with a story And ready to shoot to risk any odds to get into the cockpit of that plane But it all turned out much easier than that

"Oh, here you are sir" The groundman saluted the English flyer's uniform "All ready to take off, sir We got word that you were coming

Without a pause with no sign of surprise von Strucker saluted as Lieut E W Smith would have Graciously, snap-pily almost, hunting This was luck This fool mistook him for someone else was actually offering him a plane in which to fly to Germany Von Strucker grinned evilly to himself He decided to be grateful, to make

no fuss, to give a gift in exchange for this gift of a plane. He wouldn't shoot the ground-man.

"Right O my good chappie!" Von Strucker was almost gay. He clambered up into the fighter's cockpit pulled the bluster it goss back down over him. The crewman's voice could still be heard.

"Careful sir I notice you've got no parachute, but you're not supposed to go far or high. Just deliver this plane to the next English field. You've got a mighty important battle baby there! Wouldn't want it to fall into German hands, you know."

Von Strucker thought of how soon the plane's motors would get him back to Europe instead of the field the man was speaking of. But he wouldn't risk flying as far as Berlin. An English plane that a German spy stole from an American air field was no safe transport over Germany. But once past the English Channel he would set the fighter down in the French countryside destroy his English uniform and proceed to German Military Intelligence. Von Strucker's mind raced with plans.

The instrument panel first. Quickly von Strucker's practiced hands found the proper buttons and levers. It was almost too easy. The slip stream drowned the crewman's last words.

The swift race along the runway. The lung into air, wing over to the left. Straighten. Climb up and up. And flying all the time for the Channel. For France and escape back to the Third Reich.

Yes, this plane was a night fighter. No lights on her instrument board. But von Strucker was managing. Some how his hands didn't fumble. It was quite simple to fly this plane. In a few short minutes he would be free. That gleam

of water just ahead was the English Channel.

Then, suddenly, it happened. Out of the sky above him, pouncing in one long screaming dive came an American P 51 fighter. But von Strucker wasn't alarmed at first. He merely glanced back recognized the hated star and broad red stripe of the enemy and then chuckled to himself. So he had an escort. Ha Ha. Maybe he could even trick this fool into landing in France with him. Maybe he could capture two Allied planes besides delivering his information to Germany. Maybe.

But what was this? That Schwein was shooting at him! Shooting at one of his own planes! Shooting at Lieut Eustace W Smith! Von Strucker was too amazed to try any evasive tactics. Anyway it was too late.

The American plane poured 50 caliber slugs as a garden hose pours water. The shells whined through the air sawing at a wing, cutting it through. Von Strucker screamed wildly, watching his left wing collapse, tilting back toward the cockpit like a broken bit of toy. An insignia painted on the wing tip that insignia! It couldn't be! But it was...was...

The gas tank under von Strucker exploded with a sharp

roar. The ammunition for the cannon in the wings must have gone up with it. The plane under von Strucker's ass Lieut Eustace W Smith, turned into a flare of angry orange flame and seconds later only tiny bits of hot and splintered steel hissed into the cold waters of the English Channel.

High in the thin stratosphere a boy from Ohio who had once been a darn good farmer and was now even a better fighter pilot radioed his field.

"R-22! R-22! Calling R-22! Coming in Lieut Jones coming in! Sorry I turned back. But I caught a German plane sneaking back from a London raid. Shot the Swastikas right off his wings. Please confirm victory! Confirm victory!"

* * *

And days later the whole story was finally pieced together at Allied Air Intelligence in London. A gray haired major delivered the bad decision to a board of inquiry. It's clear now. Some spy must have taken that captured German fighter we were testing on our field. Probably a desperate German spy carrying information back to the enemy. But one of our pilots shot him down. Lieut Jones's victory is hereby confirmed."

You tell it to
SOMEONE
who repeats it to
SOMEONE
who's overheard by
SOMEONE
in Axis pay, so
SOMEONE
you know . . . may die!

Office of
War Information
Washington, D. C.



I was there,
brother...

You say you've seen me before. I wouldn't
be surprised.

Maybe I was at the village green in Lexington.
I stood my ground, didn't fire until I fired
upon. But they meant to have a war and I was
beginning there.

Maybe you've heard of a place called Valley
Forge. So have I. It was a tough winter all
right. I should know. These people output
in the snow were mine.

Maybe you're into me or the battle of
Gettysburg. They made a speech about it.
Maybe you'd get what I do there. I was one
of the guys who gave the last of treasure of
devotion.

Yes, I remember the Alamo too. You see, I
had a lot of relatives up to the Rio Grande.
We never got a chance.

They'd seen it there with little more
than a moccasin. Was here and now I was
here. I covered the ground with my gun
and when the gunner loaded away from me
what they was probably in the ground took the

spat. Is home of the unknown. So did

You think it was somewhere else? Maybe it
was. Maybe it was Britain. Maybe you remem-
ber the four months we held out here with prac-
tically nothing for ammunition out guns.

Yeah I was there all right. The Infantry is
always there.

That's right brother. I'm a doughboy.
Don't run. That's me. I'm the guy they mean in
the communiques when they say "John Doe".
I peddled out of machine gun nests and abandoned
"I'm the guy who came off those boats in Sicily.
Who held the beachheads in Anzio. Who stormed
the coast of Normandy. For less Europe."

I'm the thin black line you see weaving
through villages and over bridges in that chart
they always. A six man corps advanced to
the front. And while the corps start
that's gonna be a lot of fun. Just keep
your eye on the hill. Be a little low. Look for
the road. Head west. They said the crossed
over the ridge.

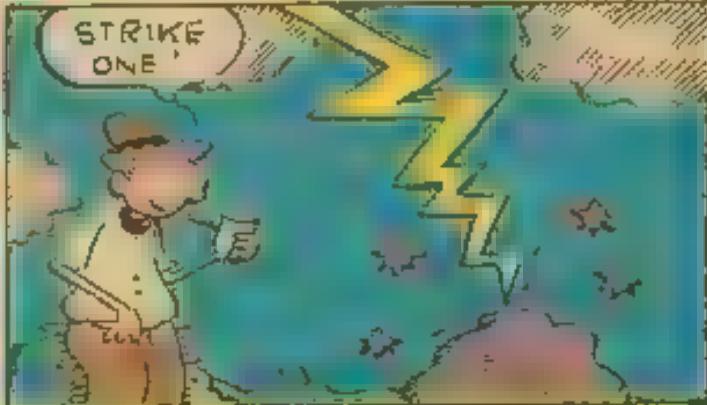
See you in the papers brother. On page 1.

Keep your eye on the infantry...the doughboy does it!

GRANDPA PETERS -



ME QUICK AS LIGHTNING STOPPING MY GRANDPA CLEM PETERS BEFORE HE ABSENT MINDEDLY SCRATCHED A MATCH ON AUNTIE MINERVA'S WHAT NOT AND SAVING HIM FROM THE DOG HOUSE



WHICH REMINDED HIM OF WHEN HE WAS OUT IN THAT PART OF THE COUNTRY WHERE LIGHTNING ALWAYS STRUCK TWICE IN THE SAME PLACE AND NOBODY NEEDED A MATCH TO LIGHT A PIPE WITH



ALL YOU HAD TO DO WAS NOTICE WHERE THE LIGHTNING STRUCK FIRST MARK THE SPOT PUT YOUR PIPE ON IT AND THEN COUNT TO FIVE HUNDRED BY TENS OR TO FIFTY BY ONES, BUT TENS WAS MORE FUN.



THEN THE LIGHTNING WOULD COME BACK AND DO ITS STUFF AS SURE AS SHOOTING IT WAS NOT LIKE COMMON LIGHTNING - THIS LIGHTNING COULD BE TRUSTED, AND NO THUNDER CAME WITH IT



WELL, ONE DAY WHEN THE AIR WAS VERY STILL MY GRANDPA SAT UNDER A TREE PAYING NO ATTENTION TO ANYTHING AND JUST BLOWING SMOKE UP INTO THE SKY FOR NO REASON AT ALL, HE SAID -



AND THE SMOKE WENT STRAIGHT UP IN ALL KINDS OF SHAPES, AS YOU CAN SEE BY THIS PICTURE, IF YOU CAN TELL WHICH IS WHICH BETWEEN SMOKE AND BUZZARDS - AND - SUDDENLY!!

BY LEFTY O'GRADY!

CHAMPION 9 1/4 YEARS OLD LIGHTWEIGHT SOUTH-PAW WRITER AND ARTIST OF 313 ELM ST. PERIODS, COMMAS AND SPELLING BY

RON M. ALAMARA



ZING !!



AND IN NO TIME AT ALL HE WAS COMPLETELY SURROUNDED BY INDIANS ALL WAR-WHOOPING OFF KEY WHICH SHOWED THEY WERE EXTRA SPECIAL SURE ABOUT SOMETHING WHICH WAS A SECRET TO MY GRANDPA TILL



THE CHIEF, WHO COULD TALK ENGLISH, BUT WHO WAS SO SLOW FROM BEING TOO FAT GOT THERE AND BAWLED HIM OUT FOR SENDING UP SMOKE SIGNALS OUT OF HIS PIPE WHICH READ IN INDIAN, "BIG CHIEF FAT COULDNT CATCH A CAT!"



IT DID NO GOOD FOR MY GRANDPA TO TRY AND EXPLAIN HOW IT WAS JUST AN ACCIDENT ABOUT THE SMOKE BECAUSE THE CHIEF ONLY TALKED ENGLISH, HE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND IT, AND HE GOT MADDER AND MADDER - AND -



THE MADDER HE GOT THE MEANER HE FELT AND THE BETTER HE LIKED IT. MY GRANDPA HAD ABSOLUTELY NO CHANCE HE SAID THERE WAS NO WAY OUT, BUT GEE, THERE MUST HAVE BEEN BECAUSE HE'S STILL ALIVE HOWEVER,-



JUST AS I WAS GOING TO GIVE HIM AN ARGUMENT ABOUT IT, AUNTIE MINERVA BUSTORED IN AND - AWW, WHAT'S THE USE? SHE ALWAYS SHOWS UP JUST AT THE WRONG TIME!

ANYWAY, THANKS FOR LOOKING! - LEFTY

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FREE BOOK shows just how the Cardinals' ace pitcher holds the ball, and then lets it go! How BOBBY WALTERS throws his sinker! ALSO how the stars pitch fast-balls, knuckle-balls, slow-balls, drops, and other trick stuff!



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How he places hands, turns, then streaks for home—catching in for Cardinals! These pictures show how YOU can be a star bunter too!



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Show you—with MARVELOUS CLOSE-UP PICTURES—how big-leaguers play EVERY position. Expert self-written simple as A.B.C. by famous sports-writer, Garry Schumacher, of N.Y. Journal-American.

How players mentioned above won their fame. How GEORGE McQUINN, of pennant-winning Browns plays first base. How AL LOPEZ, of Twins, catches. FREE BOOK also tells how to keep score, secrets of big-league strategy, tricks of signalling, stars play, easier decisions between positions on field, etc.

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Manager, Thom McAn Shoe Store: I want my copy of HOW TO PLAY BASEBALL LIKE A BIG-LEAGUER. This is FREE but I don't have to buy anything to get it.

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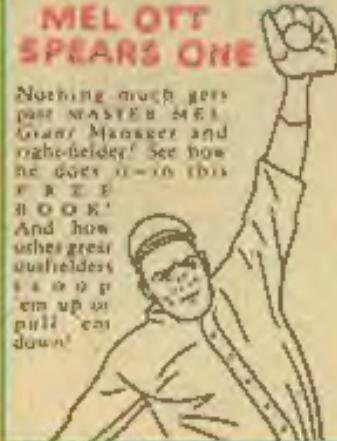
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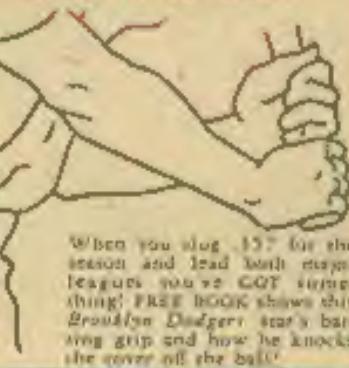
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When you slug 137 for the season and lead both major leagues, you've GOT something! FREE BOOK shows why Brooklyn Dodger star's batting grip and how he knocks the cover off the ball!



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Just TAKE this coupon to your nearest Thom McAn Shoe Store. The manager will give you your copy of this free book. YOU DON'T HAVE TO BUY A PAIR OF SHOES OR ANYTHING ELSE IN ORDER TO GET ONE. But while you are in the store (perhaps with your Dad or Mother) take a look at the swell moccasin we call "The Commando". It's sturdy and supple—tough. Its Mel-Flex sole walks away from regular leather when it comes to long hard wear.

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OUTGUESS THE WEATHERMAN

AMAZING FORECASTER PREDICTS THE WEATHER 24 HOURS IN ADVANCE



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AND **FREE** GIFT OFFER
IF YOU ACT AT ONCE

IMPORTANT!

This is not a cheap, un-
dependable storm glass. The
Weatherman Weather House is the
original "Swiss" Weather House
which actually tells you the weather
in advance. Beware of imitations.

BE YOUR OWN WEATHERMAN— YOU'LL KNOW TOMORROW'S WEATHER TODAY

Why pay \$5 or \$10 for a barometer when you can predict the weather yourself, at home, 8 to 24 hours in advance, with this accurate, inexpensive Weather House forecaster? It is made like a little Swiss cottage, with a flared gables roof and small green shutters. Inside the house is an old clock and a little boy and girl. When the weather's going to be fine, the little boy and girl come out to play. But when bad weather rolls the way, the old witch comes to appear instead. There is an easy-to-read thermometer on the front of the cottage that shows you the exact temperature.

You can depend on knowing the condition of the weather from eight to twenty-four hours in advance with this Weather House, made in U. S. A. . . . Everyone—business men, housewives, teachers, doctors, school children, laborers, doctors, lawyers, industries, clubs and colleges can now predict the weather in advance. Here is positively the most amazing introductory advertising offer ever made. You must act quickly—prices may rise.

SEND NO MONEY

Sent to You on 100% Satisfaction Guarantee

Simply send the \$10.00 gift offer outlined below for your "Swiss" Weather House and free Good Luck Leaf. When this arrives just deposit \$1.00 your first month's postage. Then buy the Weather House at regular price. When it arrives, you have twenty days to pay for the weather house. Then if you don't agree its worth more than twice what you paid, simply return your Weather House within 30 days and get your money back again.

Remember that you can take off the leaf in some way for the weather, and a simple connection to some reliable indicator of what the weather will be. With the "Swiss" Weather House and regular need thermometer you have an automatic weather and temperature recorder to come to you. The Weather House comes complete and ready to use. Ideal for gifts and housewarming. It will bring new pleasure to your home in many ways. The price is \$10.00 plus \$1.00 for postage. You can act now to receive them.

DOUBLE VALUE COUPON—MAIL TODAY

The Weather Man, Dept. N.O.
29 East Madison Street,
Chicago, Illinois

10 DAY TRIAL COUPON

Send at once (1) "Swiss" Weather House and Free Good Luck Leaf. On arrival, I will pay postage \$1.00 plus postage with the understanding that the Weather House is guaranteed to work accurately. After I can return the weather house for my money within 10 days and get my money back.

Send C.O.D. 1. I enclose \$1.00. You Pay Postage. Two for \$2.00.

Name _____ (Please print plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

AS YOU RECEIVE IT

RACH TINY PLANT
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HERE'S WHAT WEATHER HOUSE OWNERS SAY—

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"I am sending you a check for \$10.00 for my new Weather House. I am very pleased with it. I have had many barometers and thermometers but this is the best."

Captain Tootsie AND THE GIANT CANNON

DR. NARSTY, nastiest man in the world, escapes from prison where he is serving a 100-year sentence!



FREE AT LAST! AND THE FIRST THING TO DO IS TO GET REVENGE ON THE MAN WHO PUT ME IN JAIL... CAPTAIN TOOTsie!

I'LL TAKE THAT LITTLE CANNON, STEALING A TOY FROM A BABY!

TOOTsie! BAWW! EEE!

WHEN ROLLO TOOTS FOR TOOTsie, CAPTAIN TOOTsie COMES A-RUNNING!

THEN HE SNATCHED THE TOY AND RAN OFF!

FROM YOUR DESCRIPTION, ROLLO, IT MUST HAVE BEEN DR. NARSTY. I WONDER WHAT HE WANTED WITH A TOY CANNON?



IN DR. NARSTY'S LABORATORY...

HEH... HEH... THIS CANNON WILL BE THE END OF CAPTAIN TOOTsie!



HA, HA, HO, HO, HO! TRYING TO HURT ME WITH A CORK BULLET! HA, HO!

THIS WILL BE YOUR LAST LAUGH, CAPTAIN TOOTsie!



UHH! FLOOR! BLURPF! HEH, HEH, YOU'LL GET WEAKER AND WEAKER, CAPTAIN TOOTsie! BECAUSE WITH THAT CORK IN YOUR MOUTH, YOU CAN'T EAT TOOTsie ROLLS FOR ENERGY!

BUT ROLLO AND THE SECRET LEGION COME TO THE RESCUE!

THANKS, PALS!

CURSES! NOT SO FAST, DA! I MUST FLEE!

I'M TAKING YOU PRISON AGAIN!



ZOWIE!

IMAGINE GETTING AS MUCH ENERGY from a Chewy, Chunky TOOTsie ROLL AS YOU USE TO RIDE A BICYCLE 3 MILES!



• Yes, Tootsie Rolls are not only delicious. They're food! They're made with milk, big dessert— and give you energy you need to win!

And they give you energy fast. You can hardly feel the energy rush to your muscles seconds after you pop a Tootsie Roll into your mouth! Try a Tootsie

Still Only 1¢